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tale is related of him during one of these excursions:—

There was, in the environs of the city, a convent inhabited by one of the most austere and rigid orders of monks: into this Rubens entered and observed, much to his surprise, in the choir of the chapel, which was otherwise humbly and meanly adorned, a picture which evinced superior talent.

The subject of this picture was the death of a monk. Every shade, every touch, spoke of the high soul and sublime genius of the painter; and Rubens, delighted, called his pupils, some of whom usually accompanied him on his expeditions, and showed them the picture. All joined with him in the loudest praises of admiration.

"But who can be the author of this *chef d'œuvre*?" exclaimed Van Dyke, Rubens' favorite pupil.

"A name has evidently been written beneath the painting, but some one has carefully effaced it," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens craved an interview with the prior of the convent, and, at the old monk's approach, eagerly inquired the name of the artist whose work so excited his admiration.

"The painter is no longer in the world," replied the monk.

"Dead!" exclaimed Rubens, "he is dead. And did he die unknown? was there no one after he was gone to give to the world a name which should have been immortal—a name before which even *mine* might bow? And, notwithstanding," added the great artist with a noble pride, "notwithstanding, my father, I am Paul Rubens!"

At this name the pale face of the prior lighted up with an unwonted brightness. His eyes sparkled, and the fixed and eager look which he turned on Rubens, spoke of somewhat more than curiosity; but this excitement only lasted for an instant. The monk's eyes were again cast on the ground, and his hands, which he had raised to heaven in a moment of enthusiasm, he once more crossed upon his breast, and repeated—

"The painter is no longer in the world."

"But his name, my father, his name, that I may tell it to his country, and that he may receive, though late, the glory which is justly due to him."

And Rubens, Van Dyke, Jacques Jordaens, and Van Thulden, his pupils, one might almost say his *rivals*, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated him to name the unknown artist. The monk trembled. A cold perspiration trickled from his forehead down his wrinkled cheek, and his lips contracted almost convulsively, as though eager to reveal a mystery, of a secret of which he alone was master.

"His name! his name!" repeated Rubens. The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

"Listen!" said he, "you have misunderstood me. I told you that the author of this picture was no longer in the world; but I did not mean to say he was actually dead."

"He is living!" exclaimed simultaneously Rubens and his pupils. "Oh, tell us then his name, that we may become acquainted with so sublime a genius!"

"He has long since renounced the world," replied the prior, calmly, "he has entered the cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk!" cried Rubens. "Oh! tell me in what convent; for he must leave it. When God marks a man with the seal of genius, that man has no right to bury himself in solitude. God has intrusted to him a sublime mission; it is his duty to accomplish it. Tell me, then, the name of the cloister where he is hidden. I will bring him forth, and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuse me, I will obtain an order from our Holy Father the Pope for him to return to the

world, and resume his pencil. The Pope loves me, my father; the Pope would grant my request."

"I can neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"The Pope will command you to do so," cried Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," said the prior, "for heaven's sake, listen! Do you believe that this man before giving up the world, before bidding adieu to fortune and glory, had not hard struggles against such a resolution? Do you not feel that he must have experienced bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments, before he was brought to acknowledge that all here is but vanity?" said he, striking his breast. "Leave him, then, to die peacefully in that asylum which he has at length found from the world and its deceptions. On the other hand, your efforts, I am convinced, would be of no avail; it is a temptation, I feel assured, he would resist," added he, crossing himself, "for God will not withdraw his help. God, who in mercy deigned to call him, will not now chase him from his presence."

"But, my father, it is immortality which he renounces!"

"My son, immortality is *nothing* in presence of *eternity*!" and the prior, pulling his hood over his face and slightly bowing, quitted the chapel, thus leaving Rubens no time to press his solicitations further.

The celebrated Fleming retired from the convent with his celebrated cortège of pupils, and all returned to Madrid silently musing on what had transpired.

The prior sought his cell, and throwing himself upon his knees on the straw mat, which was his only couch, he prayed long and fervently; then, gathering together his pencils, his colors, and an easel which was lying on the floor of his dormitory, he threw them all into the river which flowed beneath the window. He gazed for some time with a melancholy smile upon the water which bore them away from his sight. When they had entirely disappeared he returned once more to kneel on his straw mat, before his wooden crucifix to pray.—*Boston Gazette*.

STUDIES AMONG THE LEAVES.

THE THEME OF LOVE.*

No. 2.

IN our June Number we noticed *The Betrothal*, the former part of this poem, by Coventry Patmore, whose peculiarities of style, development and arrangements are reproduced in this sequel, where their novelty has become familiarized, and of course less effective. The story is slightly more veiled, and possesses, we think, fewer salient points, and not the other's abundance of graphic delineation. The time occupies the interval between the plighted troth and marriage, with one subsequent scene:

"And whilst the wood-dove mocking coo'd
They praised the days that they'd been wed,
At cost of these in which they wo'd,
Till every thing was three times said."

The winning and exuberant attraction of the bride, is

"Her loveliness, which *rather lay*
In light than color."

Again, he describes her at a ball:—

"The giddy crowd, she grave the while,
Although as 'twere beyond her will,
About her mouth the baby smile
That she was born with lingered still.
Her ball-dress seem'd a breathing mist
From the fair form exhaled and shed,

* *The Angel in the House; the Espousals.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

Raised in the dance with arm and wrist
All warmth and light, unbraced and."

He progresses, still misgiving—

"He makes his sorrow, when there's none;
His fancy blows both cold and hot;
Nest to the wish that she'll be won,
His first hope is that she may not.
He's jealous if she pets a dove,
She must be his with all her soul;
Yet 'tis a postulate in love
That part is greater than the whole."

Then he writes her—

"Adieu! I am not well. Last night
I had startling dreams: I often woke,
The summer lightning was so bright;
And when it flashed I thought you spoke."

This volume corresponds in typography with the previous.

We were lately quite electrified at the sight of a coadjutor in the cause of Art, in the shape of a newspaper, which a friend placed in our hands, bearing the following title:

THE ARTIST'S TRIBUNE,

being an "organ of the St. Louis Artistic and Literary Society, published in St. Louis, Mo." The paper is of a large quarto size, four pages, and our copy is No. 2 of the volume, dated on the 4th of July of the present year. The *Tribune* is published—how often we leave our readers to determine for themselves by the following:—

"NOTICE.

"When about three months ago, we published our prospectus, our intention was to try how much the public would be disposed to favor the success of an artistic and literary publication. Our friends pointed to us an horizon very dark and gloomy, and advised us to advance modestly and with prudence. This we have done and shall continue to do until we arrive at the time when our enterprise shall be seated on strong and permanent basis—for we know well that if St. Louis must become the Paris of America it has not yet arrived at that point. So far, however, we are satisfied with our commencement, and we must say that we have found the St. Louis public better qualified than we expected, for the Fine Arts, and what is relating to them. Our present success has by far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Our prospectus has been accepted favorably. Most of those who have read it have subscribed to the paper, although no promise has been made of its regular publication. Besides, we have founded an Artistic and Literary Society that already numbers many influential members, and has a good prospect of increasing rapidly. By the success of our present number, we shall decide if our paper must be daily, weekly, or monthly."

The following address is evidently the result of excitement in a good cause:

"TO THE ARTISTS OF ST. LOUIS.

"Journalists at the present time are the true educators, the true leaders of peoples, as has been said by a philosopher. And it is so because in our time of continual activity and work, for the greater number, there are few persons who can find leisure to study large volumes. A few interesting and instructive pages are fully enough for the laborer after the fatigues of his daily work.

"But if it is true that the journalists occupy the first place in the modern times, what may be said of the Artists? Artistic creations speak to the masses a language more attractive and easier to comprehend than the most eloquent articles published in the papers—and understood and exposed in an elevated and progres-

sive manner, these creations of the Fine Arts, must obtain a greater and more powerful influence on the intellect and the manners of the various populations to which they are presented.

"Here especially, on the limits of the civilized world, where the great work of colonization is yet progressing, and where work is more than anywhere else a necessity for all, or nearly all, the language of the Fine Arts, easy and attractive as it is, will be listened to with more pleasure than the best and most eloquent speeches.

"If the musician draws sounds that put in vibration all the feelings of the heart—if the painter projects on canvass sceneries and figures reminding you of all the poetical beauty of nature, and showing vividly the existence of a Superior Intelligence—if the sculptor cuts in granite or marble the features of heroes or men of genius, the remembrance of whom elevates and leads us to great things—if the dramatic artist reveals truly on the stage the passions of the human being elevated to ideal, and knows how to inspire love for what is good and beautiful, hatred for crime, and repugnance for what is ridiculous and ugly, by striking examples taken from the realities of life;—if the architect constructs monuments which display the powerful creative genius of man, and make us happy and proud to be men, and to be able as we are, to create a world in the world created by God;—in a word, if artists know how to comprehend the nobleness and the dignity of the part they have to play in the great work of civilization, they will soon see, here, amidst the rude pioneers of the West, falsely accused in Europe of a want of soul, and of being completely absorbed by the material cares of life,—they will see a numerous public, understanding and well disposed for the Fine Arts, and they will form a part of the public considered and esteemed by all the intelligent population, and then they will see opened before them and for them an era of prosperity and consideration.

"It is to arrive the soonest possible to such a result, in giving to Fine Arts an elevated and progressive tendency, in interesting the public to the artistic creations, that we have founded the St. Louis Artistic and Literary Society, and that we publish this paper as its organ. It is to such societies and to artistic papers that the artists in large cities owe the consideration and the prosperity they are enjoying, and which were unknown to them previously.

"Let the artists of St. Louis dare and will it, and they soon shall form one of the most favorite portion of our population."

And the speech speaks for itself:

"SPEECH

READ AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ST. LOUIS MO., ARTISTIC AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Gentlemen:

"When civilized men unite, it is because they have a common idea, and the desire to propagate it, to make it known, to put in it practice. What are we assembled here for? What is our *idea*? What it is, and what are the means of its realization,—we will try to explain clearly and briefly.

"If there is in the world a people truly powerful, rich, and free, it is without contestation the people of the United States at the present time. On this land where, a short time ago, the tent of the savage was standing, where nothing was heard but the cry of the eagle, or the furtive step of the deer in the solitude of the prairie or the forest, we now hear the whistle of the steamers and locomotives flying through the space to give circulation everywhere to riches, the product of commerce and industry. We hear the sound of the hammer striking the anvil, the rumbling noise of the iron works or manufactures, and that immense murmur, equal to the powerful inspiration of the ocean, which arises from the great cities. We hear the joyful accents of the festivals—the rolling of the drum,

and the detonations of artillery. We may see in one day, as if by the help of some potent genius, marble palaces, monuments, churches, arising from the ground. Active and industrious populations are everywhere, and very few are poor and discontented—ease is reigning, or there is means to obtain it by working.

"Indeed, on this earth, the spectacle of a people free and materially happy, is beautiful, striking, especially for the man who has travelled over the globe, and who, everywhere except on this privileged land of America, has seen populations more or less miserable and oppressed.

"But when a man or a people has conquered material ease, does he need nothing more? When riches is acquired he is satisfied no more, or if he is, he does not deserve the appellation of man. The aspirations of man are purer, nobler and more elevated than the mere enjoyment of the table, or the vanities of luxury, or of the glory acquired by politics, or the troubles of business. The soul, the mind, the heart, freed from the material cares of life, engendered by the wants of the body, claim also their part of rest and enjoyment.

"Reading and meditation may, to a certain extent, and, for a few select minds, satisfy the wants of intelligence or sentiment. It is much, but far from enough. Here, everybody, even the rich, works—the day's work ended, the workman, although feeling the need of some recreation, or intellectual rest, is generally little disposed to spend long hours in reading or in meditating. Scarcely does he sometimes look on the publications of the day. What he asks is an intellectual pleasure, which recreates him and diverts his attention for a moment from the ordinary cares of life, transporting him in imagination to a world more elevated and more poetical.

"That pleasure, noble and pure, so necessary to all intelligent men, by what shall it be produced, if not by the artistic creations of all kinds?

"Artistic creations are the most powerful means of education for the people, because they speak a language attractive, striking, and easy to understand, and at the same time they amuse and cause all fatigues and troubles to be forgotten.

"The creation of the Fine Arts well understood, is the missing portion of the American civilization. Use this attractive method to give nobler sentiments—more soul, more poetry, to the American people, and then it will certainly be the greatest and happiest people on earth, for the soul arrived at the highest point of culture, becomes tender, sympathetic, generous, loving in proportion, and suffers by seeing any misfortune, and thence its power of creation applies itself with energy to procure happiness for all.

"Gentlemen:

"It is because we believe that you are penetrated with the great truth of these remarks, that we have dared to call on you to partake our work. We all love this American country which makes us all free and happy. We will contribute, every one of us, in the sphere of our intelligence, and of our talents, to make it great and prosperous.

"We are happy to adorn it as a beloved mistress with all the attractions that will make her admired and cherished. We wish that no one can say of our beloved country: It is great, strong, beautiful, it drinks and eats well, but its heart is dry and dead, it has no soul.

"It has a soul! for it has ever been the quality particular to great peoples as the American people, not only to have genius of its own, but to know how to assimilate whatever good there exists in other nations. The Fine Arts, that powerful means to cultivate, enlarge, and elevate the intelligence of masses, have not for native soil Paris, or other such points of the world; their country is the globe—and they must

and shall occupy in the United States, the high and honorable position which they merit. If so far they have been too much neglected or misunderstood, it is not because the American people lacks soul or sentiment; it is because, to carry civilization where the desert was, to sustain the hardship of new settlements, it required hard, commercial, and industrious men as pioneers, rather than artists, poets, writers, or philosophers. But, this great work of colonization nearly accomplished to day, by the good sense and the energy of the American people, these same pioneers take breath, they abandon at times the axe, the gun, and the plow, and begin to listen with pleasure and attention to the songs of the poet, the suave accents of music, and to admire the creations of the painter, the architect, and the dramatic artist.

"The time has come to speak earnestly of the Fine Arts, and, from the origin of their prosperity, (to which we will contribute), to give them an elevated and really progressive tendency.

"To succeed in it, there are many ways to proceed.

"The first is, without doubt, to found a paper, at the same time amusing and instructive, susceptible, to have a great number of subscribers, and a considerable circulation. The *"Harpers' Magazine"* is a remarkable example among the papers published in the East."

"2. To found an Artistic and Literary Society, such as the one of which you are now members, we have not the least doubt that this Society will soon count two or three hundred members; for, by the means of the paper, we shall interest in its growth and prosperity all the intelligent portion of the St. Louis public.

"It is by publications and Societies that, in Paris, New York, and other large cities, the artists have been enabled to interest to the cause of Fine Arts, the intelligent portion of the public, to form an artistic public, and to enjoy their art in a degree of prosperity previously unknown. (!)

"We have given you simply a rapid sketch of the plan which we propose to you. You may modify, enlarge, or improve it. Is there anything in it, illusory or non executable, or anything that looks like humbug? We leave it to your good sense to decide that question, and to appreciate if our intentions are good, honest and earnest.

"At last, Gentlemen, we wish to remind you that our work shall be a great and useful work, which it is time to begin, and which, well conducted, will, in contributing powerfully to the prosperity of the members of this Society, add a new gem to the crown, already so shining and glorious, of the American country."

To quote Burns,

"Lord send ye be as weel's we want ye,
And then ye'll do."

Our friends of *The New York Musical World*, Messrs. Willis and Morand, inform the public that they have made "a very important accession to their editorial corps in that Nestor of the musical profession, Dr. Edward Hodges;" and, in securing the services of that gentleman, have obtained one of the "ablest as well as the most experienced and agreeable pens," that has discoursed upon the various expressions of this noble Art. Attractive as the Journal has hitherto been—the very name of Willis alone being sufficient to guarantee attractiveness—it will no doubt be more so now, and the Journal be more prosperous than ever. We trust so, as the greatest success is but compensation due to its worthy proprietor and his associates.